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EUGENE V. DEBS
The Lover, and the Beloved, of All Children

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U. S. A.
Merry Christmas to the Children, Young and Old

ELIZABETH VINCENT

Dear Children—You all know that the tip tail-end of the year brings a great stir in our land. It is a holiday season, beginning December 25, and carrying over to January 1. In fact, a large part of the world has accepted the custom of exchanging gifts and merry-making for the Christmas time.

A great many children, and their mothers and grandmothers and aunts, begin in October, even, to “make Christmas presents.” Sometimes fathers and uncles and brothers get interested. Shop windows begin after Thanksgiving to fill with toys and pretty things to tempt the desires. We all catch the contagion. If something didn’t pull us back we’d get nice things for all of our beloved home folks, our friends, and then for every one else who could and would receive from us. If we could fully yield to the joy-spirit, our feet would hardly touch the earth, we’d be so glad.

But alas, upon the men and women and children who work, is the weight of poverty!

We must measure what our Christmas can be by what we can afford to put into it, in time and money. As for instance, one’s Christmas spend on one dollar can’t be what it would on fifty dollars—and very few wage earners will have fifty dollars to spend for Christmas. If there is no spread at all, we are out of tune with the season. Surely, if we plod the rest of the year we should have the chance to make merry at this season, shouldn’t we?

The Progressive Woman wishes YOU a merry Christmas. We want you to have all the joy-spirit within you loosed as much as possible. Be sure if the power were ours, we should, this very Christmas, choose that every child revel in peace and plenty, and good cheer.

A Christmas magazine some winters ago printed pictures photographed in homes of the city’s slum dwellers. One of these was of a Christmas tree. Three children had brought a “tree”—a naked, sprigly branch—to their home. They had set it up and dressed it with pieces of broken dishes, tin cans, and the like. It was a heartbreaking picture. And yet, the fact that they still could laugh and frolic and construct, proved the human spark was not smudged out. It showed how they had seized hold of an idea—an example—and had worked it out.

Dear lads and lassies—old and young—this is the kind of ground wherein the seed of Socialism will grow. It is the What’s-the-use mind that drops behind rather than goes forward, and then decays and dies.

For hundreds of years people have been encouraged not to weep and wail over the conditions surrounding their lives. The suggestion has been framed in misleading words and bolstered by promises for the future, all of which have become disgusting because they couldn’t prove the problem.

Comes now Socialism. It asks us to make the best of it by showing how it CAN BE DONE. It is such a simple rule, too, so simple that it amazes us. We workers of the world are to look to each other for the help that will wipe out the black night of poverty.

Why, just think a moment! Work makes everything! An idea is developed in mind and the strong and skillful hands of labor make the idea tangible to us. It should be joy to work—to do things. And hence, when we are held to long, tedious hours of drudgery, and in return are given scarcely enough to hold life to the body, we have no happiness, but slavery. The workers are the majority; we are the people. The load of want and woe cannot be lifted off our backs by others. We must stand erect and let drop of its own weight. We must see ourselves at our full value, not as machines, or beasts of burden, but as responsible human beings.

The Socialist says that not, for any reason whatsoever, may we turn against one of our class. That we should unite, and unite, until we think together, act together, vot togethe. Thus step by step the government under whic we live may become ours through our having shaped it laws for our protection and use, instead of leaving them a now for our pain and persecution.

The Christmas festivities were originally—among the Christians—in remembrance of a certain Carpenter wh lived some nineteen hundred years ago. He met a violent death at the hands of the smug, contented ruling class because He gave about three years of His life to an agitatio which disturbed them. What He said and did was so directly opposed to their teachings and customs, they were sure He was wrong, since they could not be. It is said of Him that “The common people heard Him gladly.”

One of the constant lessons this Nazarene “undesirable citizen” advanced was set forth in an argument with prominent religionists. Their commandments were cited. His reply came “A new commandment I give unto you—thet love one another,” which can only mean unity of action.

It is related, also, that He told His friends and fellow workers a little child should be their example—the nura spontaneous, trusting, loving, little child who wants to share his joys with all within his ken.

Do you think it possible for our class to unite with thoughts of malice, or anger, or resentment or hate possess us toward each other? Does it not seem worth while to look away from individual troubles, if by doing so united effort will place us on the way out of the present bondage, and enlarge general happiness?

The poet was right who said

There’s many a trouble would burst like a bubble
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Had we not repressed it, and tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in our heart.

The good news of the Socialist message is spreading. When enough of us work for it—when we think it, and talk it, and sing it, and preach it, the Christmas of peace and confident expectation in our hearts shall bring the longed-for Christmas of plenty for each and all. Then are principles and rules to bring it to pass. Will not you oh children, learn them and give us your aid now?

Do not let voices of greed, or suspicious fear, tell you it can never be. It is already be-ing.

The first rays of the sun of Brotherhood are shining above the horizon now. Each ray brings assurance of final deliverance.

Again accept our Merry Christmas greeting to you, and in the words of Tiny Tim, “God bless us all.”
The Little Lords of Love
EUGENE V. DEBS

They are the heirs of the social filth and disease of capitalism and death marks them at what should be the dewy dawn of birth, and they wither and die—without having been born. Their cradle is their coffin and their birth robe of black. Their first thought is how to shed their joy as it marches on to victory.

The little revolutionists in Socialist parades know what they are there for, and in our audience they are wide awake to the very last word. They know, too, when to applaud, and the speaker who fails to enthuse them is surely lacking in some vital element of his speech.

At the close of a recent meeting in a western state the stage was crowded with eager comrades shouting their congratulations. My hand was suddenly gripped from below. I glanced down and a little comrade just about big enough to stand alone looked straight up into my eyes and said with all the frankness and sincerity of a child: "That was a great speech you made and I love you, keep that reminder me by." And he handed me a little nickle-plated whistle, his sole tangible possession, and with it all the wealth of his pure and unpolluted childlove, which filled my heart and moved me to tears.

In just that moment that tiny proletaire filled my measure with overflowing and concreted me with increased strength and devotion to the great movement that is destined to rescue the countless millions of dispossessed babes and give them the earth and all the fulness thereof as their patrimony forever.

The sweetest, tenderest, most pregnant words uttered by the proletaire of Galilee were: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

My Father and I
A Christmas Experience
PETER ROSEGER

(Translated by M. E. K. and L. E. for The Vineyard.)

On the whole I had not a bad bringing up, rather I had none at all. When I was a good, devout, obedient, apt child, my parents praised me; when I was the reverse they gave me a downright scolding. Praise almost always did me good and made me feel inclined to please; for some children like plants shoot up only in sunshine.

But my father was of the opinion that I ought not to grow in height only, but also in breadth, and that to this end reserve and austerity were good.

My mother was love itself. My father had been the same by nature, but he did not know how to express his warm and loving heart. With all his gentleness this care and labor-laden man had a taciturn, serious bearing; only later when he judged me man enough to appreciate it, did he ever give his rich humor free play before me.

During those years when I was tending my first dozen pairs of beehives, he concerned himself with me but little except when I had done something naughty; then he allowed his severity full play. His harshness and my punishment generally consisted in his standing over me, and in loud angry tones, holding up my sin before me and pointing out the punishment I deserved.

When such an outburst occurred, it was my habit to plant myself in front of my father and remain standing before him as if petrified, with my arms hanging down and looking steadily in his angry face throughout the vehement rebuke. In my inmost heart I always repented my wrong doing and had the clearest sense of guilt, but I also remember another feeling that used to come over me during those homilies; a strange trembling sense of charm and ecstasy when the storm burst over my head. Tears came to my eyes and trickled down my cheeks; but I stood rooted there like a little tree, gazing up at my father, and was filled with an inexplicable sense of well-being, that increased mighty the louder and longer he thundered.

When after such a scene weeks went by without my concocting mischief, and my father, kind and silent as ever, went about his business, it made me long so的話 something to put him in a rage gradually began to expand and ripened in me. This was not for the sake of vexing him, for I loved him passionately; nor yet from malice; but from another cause which I did not understand at that time.

Thus it once happened on the sacred eve of Christmas. In the previous summer in Maria Zell (a place of pilgrimage in Syria) my father had bought a little black cross on which hung a Christus in cast lead, and all the instruments of the Passion of the same material. This treasure had been put safely away until Christmas eve, when my father brought it out of his press and set it on the little house-altar. I profited by the time my parents and the rest of our people were still busy on the farm and in the kitchen making ready for the great festival, and, not with an easy dangering my sound limbs, I reached the crucifix down from the wall, and crouched down behind the stove with it, and began polishing it to pieces. For true, I gave joy to me when with the aid of my little pocketknife I loosened the first ladder, then the pickers and hammer, and then Peter's cock, and at last the dear Christ himself from the cross. The separated parts seemed to me more important than the whole, and therefore I treated it as a whole; but when I finished and wanted to put the things together again and could not, I began to grow hot inside and thought I was choking. Would it stop at a mere thing? At the time I did not, I told myself; the black cross is much finer than before; there is a black cross with nothing on it in the chapel in Hohenzoll, too, and people go there to pray. Besides, who wants a crucified Lord at Christmas time? At that time He ought to be lying in the manger—the priest said so; and I must see about that now.

I bent the legs of the leaden Christus back and the arms over the breast then laid Him reverently in my mother's workbasket, and so set my crib upon the house altar. I hid the place taking the straw of my parent's bed—for getting that the basket would betray the taking down from the cross.

Fate swiftly overtook me. My mother was first to observe how absurdly the workbasket had got up among the saints today. "Who can have found the crucifix in its way up there?" asked my father at the very same moment.

I was standing a little away apart, and I felt like a creature thirsting for strong wine to drink. But at the same time a strange fear warned me to get still farther into the background if possible.

My father approached me, asking almost humbly if I did not know where the crucifix had got to? I stood bolt upright and looked him in the face. He repeated his question. I pointed toward the bed-straw: tears came, but I believe there was no quiver of my lips.

My father searched for and found it, and was not angry only surprised when he saw the mishandling of the sacred relic. My mother gave me the long bitter wine glass and the empty glass, the last thing the put the bare crosses on the table.

"I can see," he said, speaking with perfect calmness, and he took his hat down from the nail, I can see he'll have to be thoroughly punished at last. When even the Lord Christ Himself is not safe—Mind you stay in the room, boy!" he bade me darkly, and then went out the door.

"Warm and beg for pardon!" cried my mother to me, "He's gone to cut a birch rod."

I was as if welded to the floor. With horrible clearness I saw what would befall me, but was quite incapable of taking
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

The Christmas Vision
A Playlet

J. C. K.

CHARACTERS.
Dick, Fred, Tommy, Mikey, David, etc. (ten boys in all, representing slum children, ragged, lame, etc.)
The Reverend Samuel Hughes, a minister of the gospel, and slum worker.
Five children, boys and girls.
Boy eighteen or twenty, representing Brotherhood of Man.

SCENE.
At front of stage a long, bare-looking table decorated with American flags, around which is seated the ten slum boys and the Reverend Samuel Hughes. The curtain just back of this group is lowered.
The ten boys led by the Reverend Samuel Hughes, rise and sing:

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty.
O of thee I sing.
Land where our fathers died
Land of the Pilgrims' pride.
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

REV. SAMUEL: (speaks to boys, still standing?) My dear little friends, we are gathered here today through the mercy of a great and good God, and the benevolent people of this great and glorious land of the free. Were it not for the abundant kindness and providence of the Great Provider and the good people, all of you would tonight be starving and hungry and wandering on the streets of this great city, instead of sitting here warmed, and ready to partake of this bountiful repast. Once a year you are gathered together thus, in the name of God who loved little children, and turned no one away, no matter how meek and lowly. (Tommy hides a big yawn behind a shabby cap.) In the name of Jesus Christ, whose lowly birth the whole Christian world (Boys: Amen! High in the sky, bringing in him a suppressed shriek) celebrates on this night, are we to partake of this bountiful repast. (Boys look relieved, some of them move, as if to take their seats.) Be not in too great haste, my little friends. Remember to whom you owe thanks (various boys say 'thank you' and twist uneasily) and be not loth to give it. Remember, we live in a great and—but who have we here?

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN: I am the Brotherhood of Man. I come from the Co-operative Commonwealth. (Looks about him questioningly.) But what have we here? Surely this is a new world to which I have come. What, pray, are these creatures you have about this miserable board? Is it that you are giving us a farce—or more nearly, a tragedy? I have never seen anything so unlike, and yet like, human beings.

REV. S. HOGES: My dear sir, it seems to me you are a bit sarcastic. Are you not ashamed to sneer so to poor, friendless children? These are they whom the Christ called "my little ones." surely we, mere human beings, ought to be willing to feed them once a year.

B. or M.: Children—Feed them once a year! I never heard of such a thing. These curious specimens look like little old men, and how can they live if fed but once a year?

REV. S. HOGES: My dear sir, I see plainly you do not understand. I will explain. This is the land of the brave and the free. Being such, we feel it our duty to pick our poor and despised and starved creatures from the street once a year, and give them a square meal to help them on towards a glimpse of a better life.

B. or M. (with puzzled look on his face): But, my dear sir, I am still in the dark. If this is the land of the brave and the free, how is it you have poor and despised and hungry? How has no one to receive humane attention but once a year?

REV. S. H.: My dear children, you may be seated. (Children seat themselves noisily.) I clearly perceive we have here one who would play a cruel joke at our expense, or perhaps a lunatic who has just made a getaway from an asylum.

B. or M. (still puzzled): And pray, what is a lunatic, and what is an asylum? (Boys snicker.)

REV. S. H.: My dear sir, don't you know what these noted and important institutions are? Why, my DEAR SIR—(aside) Boys, he clearly is mad. Let us proceed with our feast. (All proceed as though eating.)

B. or M.: (after a long pause: half an hour for a few minutes. Speaks:) Surely this is hell, of which our grandparents have told us. We, of the younger generation, have come to believe such a place a myth.

REV. S. H. (horridly): Hell! Why, sir, you insult me. Is the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. My DEAR SIR, will you please begone, and leave us to feast in peace?

B. or M.: Feast!—Ay, clearly, this is hell. MIKEY (speaks up impatiently): Oh, what ye givin' us? If this be hell, soir, do but tell us where you are comin' from. That's on th' square, now. T' hear y' talk, one'd think you'd be comin' from hevin'. (Boys laugh.)

B. or M.: Heaven!—Yes, surely, this must be hell, and I am from heaven—at least in comparison. All right, boys, I'll tell you about heaven, where I come from. We call it the Co-operative Commonwealth. There we have no little children like pandered me, there we have beautiful children, well dressed, happy, seldom crippled, loved and protected by their parents, loved and protected by the commonwealth, with plenty of good, wholesome food, and playthings, and time for play.

Boys (in chorus): Gee, let's die right now, and go to heaven.

B. or M.: Oh, but you don't have to die— I'm not dead. Right now in my land every child is delightfully happy, celebrating an old and beautiful tradition which clings to us, and which we call Christmas. Nowhere in all my country is there anything like this—so mournful, so desolate—

Boys (in chorus): Aw, quit yer kiddin' an' take us in. (Boys weep.)

B. or M.: Why, I never thought of that. Come, let us go.

REV. S. H. (horridly): Boys, do not go. The person is plainly insane. (Boys rush out after Brotherhood of Man, the rev. following in protest.)

CURTAIN FALLS. Table and chairs are quickly removed. Curtain rises. At back of stage are brilliant lights, a decorated Christmas tree, boys, five or six happy-faced children, well dressed, (Enter B. of M. with ragged boys.)

B. or M.: My dear little friends, here are some little boys I found just now in hell. They were having some kind of a wretched meal they called "steak." I am told they have it once a year, between times they go without, or get along as well as they can.

They have no homes, or, at least, very wretched holes they call homes. They have never heard of the Co-operative Commonwealth, and they call it heaven. I want you to come with me, let us show you a sight.

FIVE CHILDREN (in chorus): Tonight only.
LITTLE GIRL: Oh, do let them stay forever.
SURELY in the Co-operative Commonwealth we have enough for all.

B. or M.: Dear me, certainly, if they want to (To boys): Do they want to stay and make your home with us?

Boys: You bet!—I should say!—Nothing like it, etc.

A. or M.: All right. Now shake hands and become friends.

Shake hands, and curtain falls to lively music.

SOCIALISM IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS
ALEXANDER GITTES

The recent gain in the Socialist vote it merely an outward ripple over the surface of a mighty current which is steadily and surely gripping the nation and steering the Ship of State into the hospitable harbors of the Co-operative Commonwealth. The effects of the current seem infinite. Men and women, boys and girls, are all affected. And you just as enthusiastic in this march of progress as age. For years Socialism had no representatives among the students of the schools.
The glories of warfare, the benevolence of wealth, the golden opportunities offered to young America were pictured in no modest way and taken to heart by the impressionable youth. Now, no such fairy tales can pass unchallenged.

High school students of at least two cities have formed clubs for the study and spread of the doctrines of truth. The Inter-high School Socialist League has been working along this line for two years. Its latest effort in spreading Socialism among the students in the "Searchlight." This monthly, published at 112 E. 19th street, New York, with its two thousand circulation, brings before the student the real question of the day and a truthful rather than a distorted view of these questions. Already the Searchlight has on its subscription list the names of many students and instructors, Socialists and others of the various city high schools. Among its contributors thus far are Rev. Elliot White, George A. England, Prof. Jno. Ward Simson, Wm. English Walling, Arthur Bullard and many others, besides students and instructors.
The League in New York is composed of about fifty boys and girls of twelve schools. They carry on a continual propaganda among their fellow students by lectures, literature, debates and other means. Despite all this they do not lack sociability, making their "Rah-Rah" at every Socialist jollification. The branch in Philadelphia is equally active and that proverbial slumbering village slumbers no more as the Socialists, old and young, are com

In the face of this progress, who can hope to stem the tide of Socialism which captures not only the laboring masses, the builders of our nation, but even the institutions of learning, and knowledge, which lie at the very foundation of our modern civilization?
"Blessed are the Peace Makers"

Some one has said "In time of peace prepare for war." Why it is not wiser to say, "In time of peace prepare for peace? Is not also, after all, the need and the cry of the man heart? Now, as we approach the Christmas time, the time when the "Dove of peace" hovers over the Christian world, let us look at this question earnestly and intelligently. The following from George R. Kirkstrick's "War—What For?" is quoted to end:

"War among brothers is civil war. All men are brothers. Therefore all war is civil war."

But peace is hindered by local littlenesses—chiefly by the belittling, localizing effects of the sacred cash register, and its smaller urban-time servers.

The Confucian capitalist, the Christian capitalist, and all other kinds of capitalists of the whole world stand behind their blessed and silent cash registers, plot in their Wall Street dens, cheating, cheating, cheating—and yelling at one another. And this unsocial urling is called business, and this Christ—business is morally legitimate, "made respectable" by too many unsocialized "spiritual advisers. . . ."

Whenever there is a "crisis on," whenever the cash register captains, the politicians and the social "spiritual leaders" believe, or announce, that there is a "crisis on us"—at such times Christ, the peaceful, noble social frist, is thrust to the rear of the stage and urged to be silent, while the "fighting parties" and the politicians and the money.

so that machines become interchangeable from one country to another. France and Germany have long ago reached its international stage, but it has been the result of business aggression and constant appeals for military defense and the forcing of new markets.

Reader, you working class reader, a special word here:

Perhaps your working class neighbor's son is at this moment falling into a patriotic trance, gullibly planning to join the local militia or the standing army or the navy, meditating on butchers. Go to him. With a firm grasp on his mind (if he has one) wake him, rouse him, from that race-cursing dream.

HURRAH FOR WASHINGTON!

One more state has decided to let women vote. This is Washington. The northwest seems to be more lenient toward the rights of women than our conservative southern or western states. We are glad Washington has made this decision. We wish that Oklahoma and South Dakota, where the question was up, might also have given votes to women. However, we must be patient and abide our time.

Of course, when we really think about it, it seems rather foolish that grown women should have to be "allowed" to vote by men. The men allowed themselves to vote, and they should have given the women the same privilege when they took it. But there are strange things in the world, and we need not expect to understand everything— but we believe the time will come when we begin to realize the foolishness of not allowing good, intelligent women to help them run the government. The women are learning to think and to work for society, and they will soon have to elect themselves by the ballot. At present we will show our pleasure in saying "Hurrah for Washington."

"A Little Sister of the Poor," 3 copies for 25c this month.
One Kansas Commencement

M. M'NIGHT

"Looks mighty dubious," said father, his eyes on the threatening sky.

"Now papa, it's lots lighter off that way," cried Beth, pointing northeast.

Father made no reply but continued to watch some low-hanging, rolling clouds that stretched their sinister lengths along the southwestern skies, and gave forth ominous rumblings.

Mother joined the two at the door and glanced apprehensively upward: "Girls, let's go," she said.

A chorus of wails greeted her words.

"Give up—commencement—the night of nights! Impossible!"

"Well, mother," suggested father, "if you and the girls could manage alone, I will stay home and keep the two little ones."

He was not unwilling to escape the (to him) irksome program. Our family was not that year represented on the program. "Oh, we'll manage fine," cried we, in chorus, "if you just get us started off."

"What's papa hitching up to the big wagon for?" queried Margie.

"Land! do we have to go in that old thing?" wailed Beth, tears of vexation in her eyes.

"Yes, girls, don't you remember the carriage is at the repair shop. Anyways," I suggested consolingly, "it is after night and it won't be long.

"But it will be heard," sniffed Beth.

But we were too glad to be permitted to go at all to argue further. As we stumbled noisily along, I could see mother was worry.

"I wish it was all over and we were safe at home again," she sighed. "I never saw such a sky."

"Maybe it will blow over," was my hopeful suggestion. We had a mile and a half to go and were just turning into Main street when Beth punched me and cried excitedly: Eula, don't make a show of us down Main street, go back a way please!"

"But if I do, your child your pride will have a fall some day," laughed mother, but we obliquely went "back way."

"Hello! Mrs. Norman, wasn't looking for you folks in tonight," greeted a friend as he passed us, "It's fixed, we have the team securely in a sheltered corner.

"It's flying in the face of Providence, I'm afraid," sighed mother, but those foolish girls—

"Now, Mr. Bates, don't scare mother, or she'll fly right around and go home," scolded Beth.

"At least we're not the only 'p-h-o-o-o-l-s abroad," remarked mother, as she viewed the crowd already assembled in the opera house; "if we're killed, we'll have company."

The graduates sat in conscious importance on the stage, a long row of girls in fluzzy, be-ribboned white, with an occasional black-coated boy. The "Philomels," a men's chorus, delighted us all with their harmonious one by one the graduates acquitted themselves creditably, or otherwise, the audience generously applauding every effort regardless.

One might easily have located the relatives or close friends of each young performer by the painful tension of certain faces during the loved one's performance, the evident relief when one covered himself, and them, with glory, or the anguish lighting flashes were almost continual. When one blundered.

The distant mutterings grew nearer. The two and threes the audience kept slipping away.

"Girls, let's go now," whispered mother as the last trembling graduate took her seat, and the "Philomels" rose to sing."

"Oh mama, just this one more song," I begged. Music was my passion. Dear, patient mother waited. The vacant seats were becoming conspicuous. As the last, sweet note of the song trembled into silence and the Hon. Mr. C. was making preparations to award the diplomas, we made ready to join the now, almost general exodus. A roar and lights went out and express trains was in our ears. The air throbbed and quivered with electricity. The wind was now blowing furiously though when we started from home, not a leaf was stirring. Then word of dread disaster was in every heart.

"Hurry, girls, we must not waste another minute," urged mother. Thoroughly frightened we tried to obey.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the Hon. Mr. C."

Crash! R t-r-r-i-p!

Some horrible monster without had struck

THE TRUANT STARS.

ROLA V. HOUGHTON

I.

Soon as the sun sinks down
And hides itself in seeming sleep
Behind the banks of brown.

The little star folk first peep out,
Then scramble on the sky for, And frolic while he is away.

II.

They think the sun would mind
Because he shines so fierce and bright
They cannot see how kind
A heart he has; and do not guess
He hides to draw them nearer, yes,
Then, smiling, gives them light to play
And frolic while he is away.

Girard, Kan.

lay sobbing in mother's lap. Beth was howling dismally and I was on my hands and knees searching the sky. A number of lanterns blinked wildly here and there. A general rush was now made for the doors.

"Sit down, everybody!" commanded a big voice. Everyone rode a bicycle but we're all alive yet, I guess, though somebody will be hurt if you don't stop this rush! Sit down!"

The saner minded obeyed, but the panic stricken continued to crowd the doors and several were seriously injured, one man dying afterward from the injuries of falling and being trampled upon.

At the height of the confusion suddenly the sweet voice of the "Philomels" rang out through the darkness:

You'd better be a prayin'.
You'd better be a prayin'.
You'd better be a prayin'.
An' then we'll all go home.

Camp a little while in the wilderness,
An' then we'll all go home.

Camp a little while in the wilderness,
And then we'll all go home.

The effect was magical. A serious panic was averted for laughter and jocks were heard, and the crowd quickly grew quiet and listened to song after song. Never will I forget the thrill of that music. The universal response at the right moment, the right audience, the suffocating darkness, the ever lessening roar of the death-dealing monster without.

At last the lights flashed on, greeted with loud applause. Quickly we made our way to our wagon. "Those poor horses," father said. "If they are not killed they must be home by this time—and what will father think?"

"They're not; there they were, frightened and trembling. The knots were tied so hard they had to be cut, but at last, with the aid of some obliging friends, we were safely enroute. The streets presented a sorry spectacle. Awnings, sidewalks, frame buildings and what not were scattered the length and breadth of them. But already hands of rescuers were at work and we were slowly but safely piloted through the worst. A deluge of rain followed upon the heels of the cyclone, almost a cloud-burst, and the ground was flooded.

"Go to the east fur's ye kin," was the busman's greeting. "Steeples down."

So it was, the tall spire of one of the oldest churches in the town. On the tip end of it the excited horses climbed and thump-ity-bump we followed after. The country road was clearer and we were congratulating ourselves the worst was over when straight ahead was a bright light where no light should be.

"Now what's that?" from mother. We were too frightened to think. Slowly we approached. The light did not move. But two shining things, very like gun barrels appeared beside it. The horses threw up their heads, untied, foamed and stopped. It was still very dark except for an occasional flash from the receding storm. Why should anyone be there with guns? Suddenly mother remembere of the race was then wagging of the other uncomfortably warm between the whites and the blacks. Several "holdups" had taken place, could it be possible—

"It's niggers!" whispered Beth, tragically voicing mother's unspoken thought. Beth was right. All hell was huddled up, but she had forgotten to object to Main street on the homeward journey. I sat behind, holding our frightened little (Continued on page 9)
The Sanitary Baby

GEORGIA KOTSCHE

I heard her crying. This was unusual in our corner of the back yard wherein we spent a small mountain of perfectly clean ash sand in conjunction with which she nursed her solitary and sanitary pastimes, excluding her neighborhood as the odd corner.

Equipped with an imagination which linked at will playmates from out theimmering air about her and endowed her with a belief in the powers of her own loneliness and restrictions of her little life.

The time came, however, when she must go to school and then awakened the desire for human companionship to share the joys and sorrows of her kind.

Had it been possible her mother would have had a private teacher bearing a diploma stamped “guaranteed under the pure food and drugs act,” but differing in many respects as we neighbors did on the hill, we were much alike in matter of income and private teachers were not included within its provisions. As the dainty girl started to school clung to Maman Coulter’s rustling brown eye next to me. Looking through the last half of a last year she was a little bulk. “All the other girls are going to the playground.”

“Why?”

“And Mama says some of the children at school are dirty and I might catch something.”

Not desiring to foster rebellion I dickered with conviction.

“All these girls are well cared for and the playgrounds are not dirty.”

She was nine now. At school they called her Elinor, but to us she remained the Sanitary Baby, for she had justly christened her because of the notable war instituted by her mother in her behalf upon terms and bacteria all sundry.

Such scalings of bottles and pans, sterilizing of milk, disinfecting of playthings, antibiotics for cuts and scratches, apportioning of hours for sleep, food and play, study of food values, washing and scrubbing and scrubbing and ventilating, our astonishment visited us, as had never before witnessed.

We were a bit sceptical as to the value of such effort within the walls of the individual home.

Our sunny southland was the last word with our puzzled doctors the country over who had driven their diversified methods into our own flowery soil from the mountains to the sea, capturing the life-giving breezes as they passed. Our health was astonishing as, according to our immediate past experience, it should be. None of us were lacking in a fair degree of cleanliness.

Mrs. Brown, who was the mother of six, challenged our admiration by keeping them all moderately spick and span, but when she made regretful comparisons between the appearance of her flock and Elinor’s mother looked the things she was too polite to say. It was her settled conviction that if people were not clean, it was because they did not care to be.

Sometimes I tried to widen the scope of her misfortune, to make her visit made with a member of the housing commission to a certain court, swarming with Mexicans and deploring the conditions in which these poor, ill-paid people were compelled to live. But at the glance that my propensities for visiting in such low quarters had reduced my status by several degrees.

Another time I told her Carlyle’s story of the poor woman who went about asking people their opinion and claiming to be a sister, to no avail, and who was taken with a malignant disease lying in the gates and infected the city, thus proving her sisterhood.

Elinor’s mother was frankly aroused. “To dirty old queers who couldn’t expect respectable people to take her in,” she said.

By some odd chance Elinor’s mother had heard ready to be donned, little Elinor was also watching from her window for a lull in which she might get to school. Not for her the joy of mud-ball or paddling in the noisy torrent that was leaping off the rocks in the quarter, but the daily shock of her small fist at me through the storm. She had just laid down the morning paper in which was an account of scarlet fever breaking out in the Mexican quarter and the usual complaint of lack of funds in the city treasury to deal with it effectively. I was glad on succeeding mornings when I saw small reference to it. I forgot that accounts of epidemics are discouraging to tourists and unprofitable to landladies.

It was a false security, for a month later there was a case in our school and little Elinor came home with over-pink cheeks and over-bright eyes.

The dread red card was tacked up and the fight for life was on.

A week, and I sat there I could see the white strings of the nurse’s apron moving in the fire. I kept the fire low in the parlor that was sure for the little sufferer and for the mother who had so saliently tried to do with her own poor hands what only society collectively could do—protect her own child.

I picked up a paper to try still my thoughts. By strange coincidence the first paragraph upon which my eye fell was this, quoted from Upton Sinclair:

“The child who could not speak. A case of civic administration by ignorant and vicious politicians is that typhoid, an absolutely preventable disease, kills thirty-three per hundred thousand of our population every year. Again, there is the case of tuberculosis, which has been stamped out in a generation if we cared to do it, and yet we allow spitting in our cars and on the streets, sentencing one in every ten of us to death! And the rich man flatters himself that he does not ride in the street-cars and his wife goes to a store and buys a dress that was made in a sweat-shop and a few weeks later his only child dies of scarlet fever, and his preacher tells him that was an act of Providence.”

All night in my troubled sleep I seemed to hear footsteps. A fearful giant came and went, and he was carrying away our children. He bore a banner which flapped uncannily in the outer darkness and on one side was the word, “Greed” and on the other “Ignorance.”

In the morning I looked and a wreath of pure marguerites hung by the red card.

The Sanitary Baby was dead.

SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.

This is the Christmas month. Whether you believe in the Christmas story or not, you are pretty apt to celebrate in the best way you can. Here is a December offer which will help you in your celebration.

When Mrs. Rockefeller offers the "Progressive Woman during December," will be given $1.00. This applies to individuals, families, local offices or committees. Send for the cards at once, and see how “dead easy” it is to make $1.00. Sub cards are four for $1.00.

Have you read that terrible arraignment of the capitalist system—"War—What For?" by Georgeback? If not, get a copy today, and read it. Then pass it on to your neighbors.
A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

Henrik Ibsen, the great Norwegian playwright, has given us a delightfully fantastic way called "Peer Gynt". Peer was an unmanageable, village boy. He always had holes in his trousers; he didn't like to wash his face when he was little; he stuck his tongue out at old people and pulled little girls' pigtails. He preferred to run away and wander in the deep woods to help about the little farm, and he kept his mother worried all the time over the pranks he played on the neighbors. He had a speaking acquaintance with the fairies and gnomes of the terrain, and altogether was both a very natural and a very strange lad. Sometimes in real life we see boys almost, but not quite, as queer as Peer.

At last he married a dear, sweet little maid.

But this didn't change his wild ways, and when he grew weary of his narrow village life, he left her and went out into the big world to make fame and fortune for himself. In this he was successful, being a very lovable fellow, in spite of his queer disposition. First in one land and then another, he piled up rich treasures, and became the "leading citizen". For a long time he enjoyed this life of comfort and ease. Then he began to grow old, and the longing came to go back to his mother and the dear little girl wife he had left so lonely long ago.

The story ends with Peer falling into the arms of his mother, now aged and grey. He has reached the threshold of the cabin he left when a mere boy, and dying. After all his striving and his busy life, he had not accomplished anything worth while.

I think it is a good story for boys to read who wish to wander away from home for adventure. Also it is good for those who think that nothing can be done at home. Especially for Socialist lads who think they cannot accomplish anything at home for the cause. One's own home town, county, and State, is the very best of places in which to work for the cause. If little has been done, that is reason for doing more. If much has been started, then push it forward to completion. If you have already taken one of the hills and far away, and wonder if we couldn't do great things for Socialism if we were just only somewhere else. Let us break this habit. With the coming of the New Year is a good time to consider our ambitions, and we ought by all means to make to one this effect—that we will in the year to come do EVERYTHING, FROM THE SIMPLEST WORK, TO THE GREATEST WITHIN THE POWER TO USE THE INSTRUMENTS OF SOCIALISM IN OUR OWN LOCALITY.

Let every earnest boy and girl make such a resolution. Don't let them hinder to the pure and noble work, by saying "nothing can be done here." Say, rather, "EVERYTHING CAN BE DONE HERE, NOW, AND BY US."

The Garment Strikers.

In Chicago there is a very wonderful strike going on. It has been in progress for some time, and at this writing no one knows when it will end. It is causing as much excitement as did the strike of the shirt-waist girls in the east last year.

There are fifteen thousand men, women and children engaged in this strike. Of course, we hope they will win. If they do, it will give them courage to in the future to ask for higher wages, better conditions and shorter hours.

Comrade Warren Sentenced.

As we go to press news comes that Comrade Fred D. Warren, editor of the Appeal to Reason, has been sentenced six months and $100 for publishing undesirable matter through the mails. Everybody knows the story of Comrade Warren's persecution. Everybody will be sorry to learn that at last he must serve this undeserved sentence.

In speaking of it to some of us in the office when the news came, Comrade Warren said: "Oh, I don't mind for myself. I hate it a little on account of Hattie and the boys."

"Hattie and the boys" is the little family that will be left at home, while the father pays the debt of trying to arouse the working people to a sense of their wrongs. It has always been like this, though. Not only one must be a martyr, but loved ones also suffer.

But in this case don't let the penalty be vain. Let our little readers remember Glenn and Maxy and the long winter months at home while papa is shut up in jail in another town, and let us see it isn't that we can't do the work.

Just BECAUSE COMRADE WARREN HAD TO GO TO JAIL, and thus show the capitalists that we are not going to let them destroy our movement, no matter how many of our men they can't keep out of the work.

For our next issue let us have letters from little folks telling of something they are going to do for Socialism because Comrade Warren has to go to jail.

And old darkey who had been to a Socialist meeting sought to impart some of his newly gained knowledge to his brother Sambo, the next day, and he did it in this fashion:

Old Darkey: Say, brudder Sambo, dey goin' to make de 'Mystery Deception ob History' am?

Brudder Sambo: No sah, I sho don't.

Old Darkey: De 'Mystery Deception ob History' am, when de capitalists has extract all de super value from de poletarit wt dey been breakin' an drainin'.

Old Darkey: an way de poletarit will go to vote with olin eatin am de 'Mystery Deception ob History'.

"Hope and Hustle," the modern interpretation of the old Proverbs, is the motto of Ward Savage's fine comic monthly, HOPE. Fun, art and Socialism are the major ingredients of this delightful new literary dish. The Thanksgiving issue is the best ever. Send 10 cents for sample copy. $1 for a year's subscription to HOPE, 516 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill.
Games of Country Children

ANNA A. MALEY

I watch the little folks as they scamper about the yard, in and out of doors and stables, gayly playing hide-and-seek across the grassy fields. The thought of their innocent games brings me back to the warm days of my childhood. I remember how much I enjoyed playing these games.

We stood in a circle, the children of our village, and I was the leader. We played a game of blindman's bluff. Perhaps I should mention that we did not play this game in the usual way. Instead, we tried to make it more fun and challenging.

"What will you do if the Black Man comes?" someone asked.
"Rush right through!" I replied, laughing. The children loved it.

One day, while we were playing, one of the boys accidentally knocked over a sandcastle, and we all had to pick it up and start again.

"Here come three ducks a-rowing. For the randy tancy tea."

Several times, during the course of the game, some of us got tired and decided to take a break. During one such break, we sat on the grass, talked about our day, and shared a snack of fruit and sandwiches.

When it was time to continue the game, we all got back up and continued where we left off. The children loved the excitement of the game and the chance to work together as a team.

One day, while we were playing, a friend of mine accidentally stepped on my toes, and we all had to stop and laugh at the absurdity of the situation.

"What are you doing in my orchard?"
"Stealing apples."

One Kansas Commencement

Continued from page 6

sister on my lap. We waited a breathless moment, then "Who's there?" rang out. The door was opened, and a familiar voice said, "Yes, the cyclone missed us, but I felt sure it would strike the town and I've kept the road hot between here and the corner," replied father. "I wasn't sure which road you would come and I didn't like to leave the babies."

And then everybody talked at once.

The cyclone was the worst the little town had ever known, its path plainly discernible for years afterward. The opera-house building, with its metal roof and glass windows, was rolled up like a scroll and pitched to the ground. That was the horrible ripping sound we had heard. Had not the great rafters held firm, there would have been a different story to tell—and the writer might not have told it.

Queer Women Workers.

At Cradley Heath, England, women work twelve hours a day for a wage of 90 a week. Some of them have been working here for thirty years. Two of these women were married, and one of them had a baby. The living conditions for these women are not ideal, but they seem to be content with their work.

Good strikers as these women are, however, they receive very little pay for their work. In fact, many of them have to work two jobs in order to support their families. When pressed to give an example of their work, they simply shake their heads in frustration. "It's not worth it," they say. "We just want to make ends meet."
A Wayfaring Man Though a Fool
CAROLINE A. LOWE, National Correspondent.

Only yesterday a "way-up" comrade, who ought to know better, said to me, "I think the women should come right into the local; we should not waste time organizing them into separate organizations."

Why WILL those who persist in remaining in ignorance persist in sitting in judgment upon the subjects of which they are ignorant? The National Convention of 1908, the Committee of 1910, the Plan of Work as stated again and again by the Woman's National Committee, have all made plain the fact that the party is organizing women into the party locals.

Just as each local elects a Literature Committee to attend to the circulation of literature—just as it elects a News Committee—so the Committee to arrange the programs—even so it should elect a Woman's National Committee to arouse the women, the wives and sisters and daughters of the men comrades, and bring them into this deal.

This committee is usually composed of all of the women members of the local. That they may understand the cause for which they are working, these women hold study classes, and read books as standard books for systematic study. That they may reach others they distribute literature—especially literature for women. To interest those who will not attend a lecture, they give Socialist entertainments. Incidentally, through various means they raise money for propaganda purposes.

Hundreds of women in the United States are so organized, and the number is ever on the increase. It's a wonderful work these Socialist women are doing.

For the benefit of those who have asked for the information the Woman's National Committee is printing a list of the locals that have at some time so organized the women into a committee. It is also giving the name and address of the local correspondent of each committee. They request that each local in this list will forward any correction to the General Correspondent of the Woman's National Committee.

Some encouraging letters were received from the state secretaries of Washington, Arkansas and Oklahoma. Comrade Lanfersick, of Kentucky reports outlook discouraging in his state.

SOCIALIST WOMEN HELP THE GARMENT STRIKERS.

Nov. 21, 1910.

Dear Progressive Women—Perhaps it will be too late to get this in the next issue—but do it if you can. The delay was unavoidable. I have worked to the limit. Saturday night, truly, I scarcely had strength left to drag myself home. But we made one of the greatest efforts to help the strikers, and to SHOW WHAT WOMEN CAN DO, and it was a success. According to latest reports receipts will amount to over $4,000. Such a spirit of unity and co-operation. Every one pulled together. Special meetings of the Socialist women, striking women and men. It was great.

Nellie Zeh was the originator of the idea, and after discussing it we decided to carry it out, only on a bigger scale—to enlist not only Socialist women, but trade union women and the women in the strike. Nellie Zeh had charge, and she did magnificent work—so did Mrs. Megow and EVERYBODY. It would take too long to mention them all.

We divided the loop district into sections. Each street section was assigned to 35 girls under her. These told the special strike edition of the Daily. Our experiences would fill a book, but the happy spirit of co-operation would overcome all little difficulties. About 800 copies were printed and distributed. The result was a force of from ten to twenty men and women busy counting and storing away the money from that time until after eight in the evening. Comrade Arthur Morrow Lewis, during the month's strike, in the lead of the Garment Committee, invited the "newswives" to a dinner at the Iona. There was no stint, everyone helped herself to all and more than she wanted. Then speeches were made amid great cheers, two flash-light pictures were taken, the Maritelles was played on the beautiful pipe organ, and every one went home tired, but with the feeling of having accomplished something for these people in their fight for bread.

Over 1,300 copies of the Daily had been sold. The 150,000 union men and women in Chicago realized as never before that it is to the Socialists they must look for their friends. And all acclaim with one accord that it is to the Socialist women that the

War—What For?

is a handsome, gold stamped, high grade, cloth bound, double thick book, printed in easy, open type on high quality paper. The book contains more than a dozen strong passages with school and entertainment declarations; over 300 citations and selections from the works of various authors and journalists favoring a war policy for the United States. It deals with the social, economic, military, moral aspects of war. It includes a new chapter on war, militarism, the class struggle, capitalism, socialism. It is fully illustrated with wood cuts and engravings. The book explains the payers, the decision and the rules of the working class.

This book contains, articles, scorchers, rouses, help to work out the answer to any question putted into a list of questions. It contains a price of two dollars. It will be sent for examination. The $1.20 will be promptly refunded to anyone who returns the book, the order is unsatisfactory, and it is returned to you by mail. In this order for the book. The book is shipped within two days after it is received by purchaser. If the book is returned, be sure to write, send his name with a check for $1.20.

The prices are: Single copy, prepaid, $1.20; club of 10 to 24, prepaid, 70 cents each; club of 25 or more, prepaid, 60 cents each. A book rebated at a price of 12 cents per copy. The special order price for Special Order books, $50 cents each.

The book explains the payers, the decision and the rules of the working class.

This book contains, articles, scorchers, rouses, help to work out the answer to any question putted into a list of questions. It contains a price of two dollars. It will be sent for examination. The $1.20 will be promptly refunded to anyone who returns the book, the order is unsatisfactory, and it is returned to you by mail. In this order for the book. The book is shipped within two days after it is received by purchaser. If the book is returned, be sure to write, send his name with a check for $1.20.

One Magazine
AND
The Progressive Woman

are indispensable to every person of intelligent

The "one magazine" is Current Literature, because it alone sweeps the whole field of human thought and action in both hemispheres.

It contains a monthly review of the world's news; quotations from and contributions on the press of the world; humorous and comic cartoons and other illustrations; photographs and biographic sketches of conspicuous personalities of the month; the most recent advances in science and discovery; the noteworthy events in literature and art; critical reviews of the best fiction, dramatic and musical works; a page of the best humor and a condensation of the leading play of the month.

It gathers inspiring facts from every field of human thought and activity those facts that are true and significant. And it asks the reader a clear, well defined, illuminating view of what the whole world is doing.

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The Progressive Woman

Young People's Socialist Leagues.

In most of the European countries where Socialism has made any headway, the organizing of young Socialists into Socialist Leagues is seriously, and successfully carried on. A safe estimate of the membership of these leagues is 100,000, and the educational and propaganda work carried on by the young men and women members is of inestimable value to the world's movement. In some of our larger American cities such leagues have been formed. A notable instance is Chicago. About four years ago a group of Chicago young people filled with the fire and enthusiasm of their philosophy, got together and decided upon an organization. The Daily Socialist lent its aid by way of advertising the venture, and the first meeting resulted in The Young People's Socialist League of Chicago.

Hard work and patience on the part of a mere handful of youths was necessary for a period of time, until the others could be convinced of the possibilities of the organization. The league gradually grew from week to week. All of this, of course, cost money, and a good bit each month, too. But the league met its debts bravely, and are at present ahead financially.

During the hard times the Daily Socialist hundreds of dollars were raised and turned into the daily coffers by the young leaguers. In other valuable ways they have assisted the party work in the city.

To have the younger generation with us in our movement, is essential as having a younger generation in any of the walks of life. Tomorrow the mantle falls upon their shoulders. If their shoulders have not been strengthened to wear it, the work of today will be a naugthy one.

It is well to remember also, that youth must have pleasure. To give our young people the dry bread of our party work, to expect them to flock to our business meetings,

The portrait and postcard pictures of famous Socialists, advertised elsewhere in this issue, by John L. Lewis are first class. We have had samples of his work.

Do you wish to be in favor of your party? If so, you want a cloth-bound copy of Moyer's Songs of Socialism. $2.00 each.

Boys, Elect a Woman's Committee.

I have just finished reading the "Plan for Work in Socialist Local" for women, written by May Wood Simons, chairman of the Woman's National Committee.

This work was authorized by the Socialist party of the United States in 1908, when this committee was elected.

The "plan" is excellent and can scarcely be improved upon as a program for those localities where there are enough women to put it into operation.

But what are we going to do about the locals which constitute the great majority combined exclusively of men? Is nothing to be done for them? I am in favor of a woman's committee being elected in every local. If there are no women members, why not have it composed of men? Why not? Such a committee might well be elected from among those men who are known to have wives who are deeply interested in our cause or who could easily be made interested. Let these men supply their wives with the reports of the local and of the national, with political terms and occasionally wash the dishes or take care of the baby while they (the wives) read the latest revolutionary news in the Daily Socialist or in some other Socialist publication.

What do you care, boys, how it is done so long as it is done. It is all in the day's work for Socialism, you know. And to the vast majority of men who love their wives, I am sure this would be a far pleasant way of doing propaganda work than to go from house to house distributing literature and talking to cranks, disgruntled democrats and republicans.

You wives will help you in this work when you have made Socialists of these. The training of women has especially fitted them to meet the unpleasant things of life and they are gifted with a patience much needed in the work of making Socialists.

Besides doing this home work, a man on the woman's committee should study all our literature on woman and the suffrage question. He should be prepared to talk intelligently at any time upon the sub-ject and also take subscriptions for "The Progressive Woman," the official organ of the Woman's National Committee of the Socialist party.

When entertaining and lecturing are given by his local, if women speakers cannot be procured, he should take the platform a few minutes and give a straightforward talk on the woman question and its relation to the Socialist movement.

A report should be expected from the woman's committee at each meeting and progress noted, just as in the case of other standing committees.

This plan must eventually result in the conversion of two self-reliant women. Then, with a little tact and patience, the work of further organization can gradually be transferred to them.

Leaflets and other needed literature should be distributed by the local from time to time to distribute among their neighbors and friends. Soon a study club can be formed. Here some time should be spent in preparation.

From this stage it will be but a step to the Socialist local and many a man will step in at the same time beside the wife who has been attending the study club.

And then there are the children, most important of all. They will find out the lead of their mothers. It is during our early years that our most lasting impressions are made and if we are ever to capture the world for Socialism we must have the children. In no way can this be done through the women.

Now, boys, I am deeply in earnest about all of this, even to the washing of the dishes and taking care of the baby. When are you going to interest your wife, boys? Is she needed more than anything else in the Socialist movement?

Electric Mary Ann.

(Written for the Sydney Bulletin.)

A useful electric motor for household purposes has been put on the market. It weighs seventeen pounds, is called "The Electric Mary Ann," and will drive any ordinary household utensil, such as a knife-beater, grinder, potato- peeler, coffee-feezer, egg whisk, and so on.—Newspaper.

She comes to cheer a drooping age,
With one touch she can bring the wrath of God.
To calm the angry woman's rage,
She has made a better Queen.

Not decked in silk or satin sheen,
Nor gay beded in blue or green,
Appears our new Ideal Queen,
Electric Mary Ann!

What time you hug your morning bed,
What time you wash your hands,
You hear a buzz behind your head.
You turn you round and there she is—
With many a whirl and many a spin.
She makes the house a better place.

"Hurrah for Mary Ann!"

She cleans your boots and dusts your hat,
She cleans the dishes on the plate.
Or heels the milk-pouring cat,
In a moment she is gone.
She polishes your dirty grate,
Scrapes the suds off the plate,
In all things she is sure as Fate—
"Hurrah for Mary Ann!"

She whips a straight soft brush,
Or stirs a spoon within the muck,
Or bids the tea from the teapot,
And, if you want to show the boy,
She takes a tuck with a holy joy—
"Hurrah for Mary Ann!"

"Tis hers to lay the knife and fork,
To dish the peas and carve the pork.
To bring the tea to the breakfast table,
That cheers a thirsty man;
She cannot cut your bread,
Or stretch your nerves upon the rack,
Or give her hand to a man.
This good new Mary Ann!

—Philander Fland.

When you call on your neighbors, be sure of The P. W. along.
FOR KIDDIES IN SOCIALIST HOMES

BY ELIZABETH VINCENT

HARRY'S SPEECH.

Here is a speech little Harry, five years old, has learned, and always says for company:

I'm just a buddin' Socialist.
Ain't old enuff to vote.
But I can say "Hurrah for Debs".
'An' learn a speech by rote.
And I can hand out circulars.
And advertise our cause.
And this will make the people think
So they will change our laws.

I'm just a buddin' Socialist,
But I can help things go,
So by and by we all can have
Our heaven here below.

A Definition of Politeness

HELEN GOWD DOWNHAM

I am a little girl ten years old. I live in the country. I go to school about three miles from home. I ride in a school hack. Our house burned down last December and my papa is building a new house. He is doing all the work himself.

Papa takes the Appeal to Reason, and mama takes The Progressive Woman. I am anxious to see the December issue of The Progressive Woman.

Here is my definition of politeness: Politeness is to do and say the kindest things in the kindest way.

Do you read? Send today for catalogue of Socialist books and pamphlets. We can supply any Socialist book you want.

THE BIRDS.

NELSON SCARFON

It is winter now, and some birds are flying away to the south. I love to watch them go, but I am glad to have a few birds still with me. Some sparrows are here yet, and a few owls. But I think they, too, will soon fly away. There are quite a few kinds of birds that is why I cannot tell you all the names.

In the summer they will soon come back.

My mother subscribes for The Progressive Woman. I go to school and am eight years old, and I am in the fourth grade.

If you want really artistic pictures, etc., of Socialists in your home, read the ad of Comrade Jan. 20th, artist. In this issue.

A new book of Socialist plays: four in all, 10c a copy. Three for 25c.

The Little Socialist Primer, 15c.

Send your book orders to us.

THE BLUE BIRD FOR HAPPINESS.

HENRIETTA MALKIEL (9 years old).

The blue bird, I suppose you all know, stands for happiness. Once upon a time long long ago, there lived two little children named Myl Tyl and Tyl Tyl. One day a neighbor told them her little girl was sick and they must seek the blue bird, for it was the only thing that would make her well. So they started on their journey. They went all over the world, blue birds they found in plenty, but when they touched them they turned black.

At last they came home with no blue bird. When the neighbor came for the blue bird they told her the story.

Then their mother said, "Why, there's your bird; you never even look at it. Why don't you give it to the little girl?"

"Why, of course," said the children. As they took it down it turned blue. "Oh," said Tyl Tyl, "we went all over the world looking for it and it was here in our own home all the time."

This bird turned blue because they had done a good deed. Now, friends, you can see that people do not have to go all over the world looking for happiness, for all you have to do is to make your friends happy and you will have happiness just the same.

Yonkers, N. Y.

TO HAVE A CHRISTMAS ENTER-TAINMENT.

I am glad you are going to have a Children's number of The Progressive Woman. I think it is a good thing to write things for the children about Socialism. The children will be the future citizens, and they ought to be educated to be Socialists. You asked us to write about our lives, our homes, and so on. I am twelve years old, and have three brothers and a little sister. We get up every morning and eat our breakfast, and then hurry and get off to school. You can imagine what a fuss there is getting ready for schools. We are always in such a hurry. Mama stays at home with the two little ones, so she has a good deal to do. I hope we can some time repay our mothers for all their trouble about us.

I think we will have a nice time Christmas, as our school is planning for a Christmas tree, and an entertainment. I am to sing in the children's chorus, and I will say a speech. I think my brother Bob will say a speech, too, but he don't like to. He says it scares him to death.

Well, I wish everybody a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and I hope all the little boys and girls will become Socialists.

Songs of Socialism, by Harvey P. Moyer, cloth bound. 50c.

A New Book of Plays

This is just what you want for that entertainment your local or Woman's Committee is going to give this winter. There are four Socialist plays, written by Ethel Wild, a comrade famous in her home for writing and managing plays and enter-tainment by herself and young people. The titles are "A Daughter of the Rich," a drama in two acts; "Columbus's Ghost," a playlet; "The Hurt Heroes Are Made Of," a dialogue for Three Boys; "Fetchwork," a playlet for two or more girls.

These are hot off the press. Send 10c for a single copy, 3 for 25c. The Progressive Woman Pub. Co.
OLD GLORY AND THE LITTLE FLAGS

A. M.'s

A story I recently read, I wish to retell. It was early in the evening, in a shop where flags of all sizes were sold.

High on the wall hung a silk flag, called Old Glory.

All at once Old Glory called, "Attention!" Starry eyes from all over the room looked at him. To find out if you are a good American, I must ask you some questions.

"How many red stripes have you?"

"Seven."

"How many white stripes have you?"

"Six," was the answer.

"How many stars?"

"Forty-five," shouted the large flags.

The little flags said nothing.

"Oh, I see," said Old Glory, "but you are not to blame. Do you see that open door? Go through it into the street, put your staffs into the hands of any little boys you find, and bring them here."

The flags fluttered away and Old Glory went into the hall way to wait for their return. By and by the flags came back, each bringing a small boy. They did not look very happy.

"What's the matter?" asked Old Glory as he approached them. "You don't seem pleased."

No one spoke. The little boys stared at round eyes at Old Glory, but held tightly to the flags. "Please," Captain, one of the flags, "these are the only little boys we could find."

"Well?" said Old Glory.

"And we think they don't belong to Uncle Sam," was the answer.

"Why not?" said Old Glory.

"Some of them are ragged," said one flag. "And some of them are dirty," said another. "This one is a colored boy," spoke up another. "Some of them can't speak English at all." "The one I found lacked boots."

"And mine is a newsboy." "Mine sleeps in a dry goods box." "Time plays a violin on a street corner."

"But look at mine, Captain," said the last flag, and went through.

"What about him?" asked Old Glory.

"I'm sure he belongs to Uncle Sam; he lives in a very fine house and wears fine clothes."

"Of course I belong to Uncle Sam," said the brown-stone boy quickly, "but I think the little boys don't do any."

"There! There!" said Old Glory; "I'll telephone to Washington and find out," and Old Glory floated away.

The little boys watched and waited till he came back.

"It's all right," said he. "Uncle Sam says every one of you belong to him, and he wants you to be brave and honest, for some day he may need you for soldiers."

And so ends the story of the flags. And now, dear children, I think it would be fine to be soldiers of peace for Uncle Sam, but if he is a kind father, he will treat us all alike, and not allow some to be ragged and dirty. If he does treat us alike, it will be easier for us to be brave and honest.

Did you ever know a father who bought fine clothes for some of his children and made the rest wear dirty and ragged clothes? No doubt if Old Glory could talk he would think it strange that Uncle Sam would allow some of his children better chances than others.

But after all, both Old Glory and Uncle Sam are creations from the minds of our forefathers, and though they said that all men are created free and equal, did not-for they could not-make conditions so that all could be so. Only Socialism promises this to our men, women, and children. And the Red Flag, which is the flag symbol of international Socialism, will wave from every flag pole in the land along with Old Glory, when we have made all men really free and equal.

To Our Friends and Patrons.

By the time this reaches you we shall be moving into our new quarters with full equipment of modern machinery, greatly increased facilities in every way for the better serving of our trade. If you have not received our recent Message or have not interest in watching an enterprise come up out of the ash, watch the Red Flag, drop a card and copy will be mailed you.


Eugene V. Debs
Fred D. Warren

A beautiful Enamel-Medallion 6 1/2 inches, with the latest Photograph of our two greatest fighters, 50c each. A very neat Leather Watch-Book, with two photos, Debs and Warren, 75c, post-paid. A very pretty pocket or satchel Hand-Mirror, with one or two photos, hand-painted, 50c. Photo Post-cards with the photo of Debs or Warren photo, 5c each.

A beautiful Scarf-pin, very small with gold plated pin, Debs or Warren, each 50c.

JAS. SOLER, Wheeling, W. Va.
My Father and I

Continued from page 3

a single step in self-defense. My mother went about her work; I stood alone in the darkening room, the mutilated crucifix on the table before me. The least sound startled me. One of the clock stroke standing there against the wall, the weights rattled as the clock struck five. At last I heard some one outside knocking the snow off his shoes; that was my father. When he came in, the room with the birch rod I had vanished.

He went into the kitchen and demanded in abrupt and angry tones where the rascal was? Then began a search throughout the whole house; in the living room, the bed and the attic, the whole house was ransacked. I was terrified, and the bread and coffee were rummaged through I heard them moving about in the next room, in the loft overhead. I heard orders given to search through the very mangy corners in the backyard, they emptied out of the kitchen, they to go out to the shed, too, and bring the fellow straight to his father—he should remember this Christmas eve all the rest of his life! But they came back empty-handed, the parents went out and round among the neighbors; but my mother called out that if I had gone over the open and through the forest to a neighbor I should certainly be frozen to death, for my father's feet were still in the room. What grief and vexation children were!

They went away, the house was nearly empty and in the dark room there was nothing visible but the grey squares of the windows. I was hidden in the clock case and could hear through the chinks. I had squeezed in through the little door meant for winding up the works and let myself down inside the paneling, so that I was now standing upright in the clock case.

What anguish I suffered in my hiding-place, for which he had suffered so much, and that the hourly increasing commotion was certainly perceived. I bitterly blamed the work basket which had betrayed me from the very beginning, and I blamed the little birch rod, and I abhor my own folly. Hours passed, I was still in my up-on-end coffin, already the sides of the clock weighed the crown of my head, and I had to duck myself down as well as I could lest the stopping of the clock would lead to its winding up and thereby the discovery of myself. For my parents had come back into the room again and kindled a light and were beginning to quarrel about me.

"I don't know anywhere else to look for him," said my father, and he exhaled a chair.

"Just think, if he's gone astray in the forest, if he's lying under the snow," cried my mother, and broke into audible weeping.

"Don't say such things," said my father, "I can't bear to hear it."

"You can't bear to hear it, and yet you yourself have driven him away, with your harshness!"

"I shouldn't have broken any bones with these twigs," he replied, and brought the birch rod whishting down upon the table.

"But it is not enough now, I'll break a hedgepole across his back!"

"Do it, do it!—perhaps it will never hurt him any more!" said my mother, and wept again.

"Do you think that our children were given you only to vent your anger themselves?"

In that case our dear Lord is quite right when he takes them again betimes to Himself. Can it be that little children if they're to come to man?

Thereupon he said, "Who says that I don't love the boy? I love him with my whole heart, God knows, but I don't care to tell him so; I don't care too and what's more, I can't. It doesn't hurt him half as much as it does me when I punish him, that I know."

"Well, I'm going for another look," sighed my mother.

"I can't rest here either," he said.

"You must just swallow a spoonful of warm soup, to please me—it's supper time," she said.

"I couldn't eat now, I'm fairly at my wit's end," said my father, and knelt down by the table and began to pray silently.

My mother went to the kitchen to get together my warm clothes, for the fresh search in case they should find me anywhere, half frozen. The room was silent again, and I, in the clock-case, felt as if my heart must burst for sorrow and anguish. Suddenly in the midst of his prayer my father began to sob convulsively. His head fell on his arm and his whole body shook.

I gave a piercing cry.

A few seconds later I was lifted out of my shell by my parents, and I fell at my father's feet and clung whimpering to his knee.

"Father, father!" were the only words I could stammer out. He reached down to me with both his arms, lifted me to his breast, and my hair was wet with his tears.

In that moment the eyes of my understanding were opened.

I saw how dreadful it was to anger and offend such a father. But I saw, too, why I had done so— from sheer longing to see my father's face before me, to be able to look into his eyes and hear the voice in speaking to me. If he could not be cheery as others were with me, and as he, at that time so careless, seldom was, then I would at least look into his angry eyes, hear his harsh words. They went tingling deliciously all through me, and drew me to him with irresistible might. At least, they were my father's eyes and words.

No further jar unshelled our Christmas eye, and from this, all things were different. My father had become deeply aware of his love for me and my devotion to him; and, in many an hour of play, work, and rest, bestowed upon me his dear face and kindly conversations that I never again needed to get them by guile.

Our Cover Picture.

Our cover page this month has we have our "Gene," the lover, and the beloved, of little children. With him are two little Girard girls, Mary and Olive Cooper. Mary is a staunch little Socialist and a warm friend of Comrade Debs. Olive is a little neighbor and playmate of Mary's. All the Girard children love "Comrade Debs." It is a great man in the sense that a rich or powerful man is great, but because he is such a lover. He loves everybody, but the working people and children most of all. He is giving his life to the cause that works for the children of the world to get out of poverty, sweat shops and all the misery that comes from not having enough to live on.

Like Jesus, whose birthday many celebrate on Christmas, he wants the working class to unite and save itself from the slow degradation that comes from poverty. And, were he to give you a commandment to follow in the New Year that is coming, I am sure it would be: Little children love one another.

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Condemned to Die.

This quaint little Japanese lady Mrs. Chiyto Kotoku's kumband is Dr. Denji Kotoku, a not new name in Japan. These hav e a few been condemned by the Jap anese govern ment along with ten other radical and "crime" consists of spreading libel ideas and in trance-ating to works. Kropotkina, Tolstoy, Peter Kropotkin and Mich Bakunin. He is a Socialist, and is in a numb along of years to spreading of soc ial doctrine in his land. For this he has been imprisoned many times, which resulted in the loss of freedom. Imprison ment did not kill him, however, and the govern ment, fearing so able a man, has decided to do the job itself.

Before the Russo-Japanese War Dr. Kropotkin was one of the brilliant editorial writers of a big Japanese daily. He was an anti-militarist, however, and the fearless expression of his sentiments regarding war caused him to lose his job on the paper. From that time he has devoted himself to revolutionary work in many ways.

The Progressive Woman hopes that our readers will send to the Japanese ambassador at Washington a protest against such barbarous proceeding. Let us see that Japan do not follow in the footsteps of its savag brother Russia, in the persecution of Liberal artists and writers.
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

The Importance of Socialist Sunday Schools

HELEN LOWY

In another issue of The Progressive Woman I wrote about Socialist Sunday schools. In the article I appealed to our young readers to ask their mothers and fathers to organize such schools.

Now I am going to talk to the mothers and fathers and to all those who have Socialism at heart.

We must teach the young.

Our New York city comrades, from all directions, seem to be awakening to this act. And not only New York city, but New York state. They have formed a state committee on Socialist schools. Our greatest trouble in this work is that we haven’t enough teachers. Teachers in the movement take up this important work. How can we do it? In every town where there is a church, a Sunday school in connection with it, even though there are no members of the church, there are children to attend. What the churches can do in this respect, we Socialists, ought to do. All that is needed is the will to do it, on the part of our membership.

As mothers and fathers, all know what persuasive powers children have. If the children like their Socialist school—and they invariably do—they persuade their little friends to go with them, and these little friends persuade their parents to permit them to go, even though they may be opposed to Socialism itself.

Our children are absorbing things in their public schools that we cannot in every case control, if we will until they are grown to get at their minds. One is our blind patriotism. My own teacher in the evening school I attended in New York city impressed upon us the words of the Star-Spangled Banner. I remember now how ridiculous the line, “For liberty and justice for all!” became to me afterward, as I know there is no liberty and justice for all. We must teach our children to understand the world and to use their minds.

When your little child tells a lie, do not rush at him as though the world were about to go into bankruptcy. Be honest with him. A tyrant father will have liars for his children; do not let a tyrant child tell such a story. The child that begins to tell little white lies will grow under tyranny upon the one hand and weakness upon the other and when you rush at a poor little boy with a club in your hand, of course he lies.

When your child commits a wrong, take it in your arms; let the child know that you really and truly and sincerely love it. Yet some Christians, good Christians, when a child commits a fault, drive it from the door and say: “Never do you darken this house again.” After all, I think of that. And then these same people will get down on their knees and ask God to take care of the child that they have driven from home. I will never ask God to take care of my children unless I am doing my best in their behalf.

But I will tell you what I say to my children. “Where you go where you will; commit what crime you may; fail to what depth of degradation you may; you can never commit an act that will be a disgrace to my door, my arms, or my heart to you. As long as I live you shall have one sincere friend.”

Do you know that I have seen some people who acted as though they thought that when Jesus and the Saviour came to the world he suffered little children to come unto him, for such is the kingdom of heaven,” he had a righthand under his mantle, and made that remark simply to get the children within striking distance?

I do not believe in the government of the

Russian “Chivalry” to Women.

Etienne Krouleff, head of the prison system in Russia, is reported as saying at the recent International Prison Congress, that in his country "women criminals are treated well; they are given a special place in the hospital and other places of residence against the knout, and against being sent from the prison to labor. Everywhere in the Russian Empire the women prisoners are kept separated from the men, and in most cases are given care and comfort by women officers.

To this remarkable declaration Miss Blackwell makes the following answer in The Woman’s Journal:

"This is an astonishing statement. Does Mr. Krouleff think that American women are not women insured against the knout? How about Madame Bohlman, who was ill of it? How about Miss Broshkovsky, who was sentenced to it in her early manhood? Is the knout the only means that can be made a nice little thing? Is her health not equal to it, but refused and was set off from the折磨 because in her case it would have aroused too much indignation? How about the Polish girl lately tortured out of the semblance of humanity in prison, to wear confessions from them? How about Marie Bohlman?"

It is only a few weeks since the news came that Miss Broshkovsky was executed at Irakut, ill with scurvy—a sickness that comes from the deficiency of vegetable food. Is the food so miserable that is supplied to a woman condemned to the knout? And how about Miss Broshkovsky, who was sentenced to it in her early manhood? Is the knout the only means that can be made a nice little thing? Is her health not equal to it, but refused and was set off from the折磨 because in her case it would have aroused too much indignation? How about the Polish girl lately tortured out of the semblance of humanity in prison, to wear confessions from them? How about Marie Bohlman?

And yet, Russian women may have chivalry, but the Russian government has as little of this as of any other redeeming quality.

Have you joined the Four-Four club?—"A Daughter of the Rich" and three other short plays, just out, 10e a copy.

A Woman Waited Somewhere.

J. C. K.

When Jesus the Christ was betrayed by men, and left in his grave to fade away, an angel watched, and a woman came. With the earliest dawn, to wait. A woman bathed with her hair his feet. Men pierced his brow with a thorny crown. And red him high on a traitor’s cross:

But women watched till they took him down. Many have borne here crosses and thorns, and a traitor’s kiss they wear: But an angel watched through the darkened hours, and a woman waited somewhere.
**THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.**

**OUR LEAFLETS.**

Cheap Motherhood in America: Housekeeping Under Socialism; Boycott Railroads, by Fred Warren; Save $100,000 Per Year, by Children in Textile Industries; Boys in Mines: Underprivileged School: Socialism or Agriculture?; Economic Freedoms: Frances Willard on Socialism; Woman, Comrade and Equal, by Eugenie V. Debs; Woman Suffrage: What the Prominent Socialists Say About It. 20 per 100, $1.00 per 1,000.

**Blowing Her Horn.**

Teddy had never seen a cow. While on a visit to the country he walked out across the field with his grandfather. They saw a cow, then Teddy curiously followed it, saying, "What is that, grandfather?"

"That," asked breathlessly, "Why, that's only a cow," was the reply. "Yes, that's only a cow," was the next question.

"Those are her horns."

The two walked on. Presently the cow mooed loud and long. Teddy was amazed. Looking back he exclaimed: "Which horn did she blow, grandpa?"

"Who's that, young fellow?"

**Chickens a la Mode.**

Freddie was visiting relatives in Canada, and his mother constantly besought him to be as kind to the chickens as he could. If he might give offense, but one day when he sent him at luncheon if he would have some of the chickens he could not help showing his surprise.

"Why, what's the matter, Freddie?" inquired the aunt; "don't you like cooked chickens?"

"Oh, no, I do; I think they're very good."

"You see, dear, we don't carry our chickens out in the country."

While having dinner at a friend's house on one evening, little George refused, with self-consciousness, to eat the chicken served by William, his tiny host, devoured with relish.

"Why, little fellow," said William, "you haven't had a bite of fruit cake. George had only for a long time. Then he turned his head on his little nodding and said, "Oh, dear! I wish my stomach wasn't burning up so."

**Bird in Bloom.**

Little Mary was walking in the garden on a visit to her grandmother. Walking in the garden she chanced to see a peacock, a bird she had never seen before, and cried out, "Oh, grandmother, come and see. There is old peacock here."

"See here," said the summer boarder indifferently, "you said you had no mosquitoes."

"Oh, grandmother, don't bite in back. I said," she explained. The mosquitoes you see aren't biting here.

**Caught.**

**Mama:** How many sisters did your new playmate tell you he had?

**Willie:** He's got one. I tried to catch him by saying he had two sisters, but he'll find out I've studied fractions. —Harpers Young People.

**Apple Tree Shade Costly.**

Kissing on the sabbath was not the only offense against which the rigors of the law were invoked by the early Puritans, for singing was sternly prohibited. It is recorded of an unfortunate couple named Jonathan and Susanna Smith that they were "each fined five shillings and costs for singing on the Lord's Day," during services. And Mrs. Earle, in her "Sabbath in Puritan New England," recalls the case of "two lovers, John Lewis and Sarah Chapman," who were tried in 1670, "for sitting together on the Lord's Day under an apple tree." —Little Socialist Magazine.

**Gute Nacht.**

WILL D. MUSE IN UNCLE REMUS' MAGAZINE.

"Gute Nacht, meine hübsche geliebte."

Swiss and Germans affectionately file with light. A mother's arms are gently round the clinging, tender-tender. "Scheine a sute wohl," says the Swiss, affectionately: "Gute Nacht."

While the Swiss profound seems to have a good moral feeling for children, he is likely to let his children go to bed while he is odd and tender.

Germany is supposed to have affined herself with light. A mother's arms are gently round the clinging, tender-tender. "Scheine a sute wohl," says the Swiss, affectionately: "Gute Nacht."

"Scheine a sute wohl," says the Swiss, affectionately: "Gute Nacht."

Some days they feel must o'er life's pathway wander by. Ah! could these arms but hold you then, remember, now.

Some day, Dear Heart, when you have reached the ending Of the long way—there in Death's dim twilight,

Your heart will hear a mother's prayer ascending. As trembling lips repeat: "Scheine a sute wohl, gute Nacht."

**THE STATE AND THE CHILD.**

Elizabeth N. Barr "In Current Topics."

The attention of Current Topics has been called to one of those institutions of civilization which are very much abused by the careless method—the Orphan's Home—the system of compelling parents to give up their children once for all to some private institution and never see them again, because the parents through some misfortunes are not able to care for them. An institution has no right to take a child and deprive the parents and remove the child from the other. Yet we read in the papers every day where some mother has been forced by the strong arm of the State to give up her child and has not seen him again, no matter what her future circumstances may be; her children are gone forever. A man may earn the money to pay for his children's education and not be forever separated from them, but the mother left with a small brood is often not able to do this, and so must part.

"O, but they are better off," says the Orphan's Home man. Yes, perhaps; that is just what the preacher's wife is they are done. But that isn't going to help much toward easing the heartache of the mother who must give them up.

Consider this, you women who have all the rights in the world, the right to work, to the cultivation of letters and art, to the propaganda of political and moral causes. Sending them into offices and factories would scarcely benefit true civilization. Man does not live by bread alone, and foreign observers know better. American women for their successful pursuit of culture and idealism? Even from an economic point of view, the women who do not too are not worthless. Morals and aesthetics and culture have their economic value to society.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The attention of Current Topics has been called to one of those institutions of civilization which are very much abused by the careless method—the Orphan's Home—the system of compelling parents to give up their children once for all to some private institution and never see them again, because the parents through some misfortunes are not able to care for them. An institution has no right to take a child and deprive the parents and remove the child from the other. Yet we read in the papers every day where some mother has been forced by the strong arm of the State to give up her child and has not seen him again, no matter what her future circumstances may be; her children are gone forever. A man may earn the money to pay for his children's education and not be forever separated from them, but the mother left with a small brood is often not able to do this, and so must part.